

THE SHAKER.

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"Go preach the kingdom of God!" The testimony of eternal truth.

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No. 3.

What Shall I Do to be a Shaker? No. 3.

CHAUNCY DIBBLE.

A true Shaker is simply a good christian—pure, loving and virtuous; one who endeavors to adopt all the christian virtues and practice them. Christ's Sermon on the Mount teaches all the principles of Shakerism. Whoever lives to these precepts faithfully, is fulfilling the object of Shaker life, whether they are aware of it or not. Name is nothing; neither is form nor theology. The essence of christianity is love to God and love to our fellows. A community formed upon this basis, whether few or many, cannot be dissimilar to a Shaker community. The love of Christ produces equality and goodness; unites all in one, as brethren and sisters. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

Peace, purity, and every good virtue, is to reign in this order. These conditions are usually anticipated as coming down from above, ready-made. We, as Shakers, are working for attainment to this desirable state of society.

Are you prepared to enter into this heavenly condition? To devote soul and body to living out these principles which produce "peace on earth and good will to men?"

Do you ask what it is to be a Shaker? Ask yourself what it is to be a christian, such as Jesus was, such as his apostles were, and all true christians are. When you practice the same life they did, you will be a Shaker.

Come and lay your goods at the disciples' feet, showing your deeds. Having consecrated all for this bond of union, our hands must work to maintain it. Labor forms a part of our religion. No idle drone can bless a community.

Selfishness is the bane of society, and all evil habits which clamor for indulgence must be withheld. Mighty conflicts between flesh and spirit must ensue. These constitute the Shaker warfare, and the test of true bravery. They that humble self shall be exalted. Herein is the mystery of godliness, to dwell in harmony and do to others as we would be done unto.

Think not such a life is monotonous, monkish or unsocial. The tenderest affections and most social intercourse are the results of purity and self-control. Do you imagine that love consists in the gratification of the animal passions?

Just the reverse. These breed disgust. You have been wrongly educated.

Would you be inspired with a love that abhors an unworthy act? Does your soul aspire to freedom from lust and remorse? Seek the society of those that believe in having all things common; whose foundation is righteousness.

Friends, be no longer in doubt. The design of Shakerism is the salvation and elevation of its subjects.

But, come not for the loaves and fishes, nor ease, nor indulgence. If so, you have naught to meet but disappointment. False pretense will fail. 'Tis the clean cross-bearer against every vice, whose life is devoted to the cause of virtue, and to the good of each other, that enjoys peace and prosperity in this our circle.

Hast Thou Forsaken All?

JAMES G. RUSSELL.

"Behold, we have forsaken all, and have followed Thee."

Forsaken all? Hast thou forsaken all, The best and dearest of thine earthly claim? Thy father's house, possessions great or small, Hast thou forsaken these, with Christ to reign? Thy father, mother, brothers, sisters dear, The objects of thine heart's affections strong, Those earthly ties that hold the spirit near To all that to the earthly plane belong? Hast thou forsaken all, and wouldest thou know

And share the blessings of a higher life,— A part and portion in this world below With those that mingle not in earthly strife?

Wouldest thou enjoy that happiness of soul That's wrought thro' full deliverance from thy loss, And wouldest thou willingly forsake the whole

That God requires, however great the cross? To find acceptance in his kingdom new, A virgin, lovely, spotless, clean and pure, And whatsoe'er thy hands may find to do, Wouldest thou in holy faith all things endure?

One thing thou lackest more than all the rest, That constitute the sum of earthly pelf, If thou wouldest fain preserve within thy breast

That idol god, the giant monster Self! Hast thou forsaken, then, that precious all, Thine earthly kindred, riches, and thyself, And in obedience to the heavenly call Forsaken willingly the ways of death?

Then, verily our Saviour's words are true,— No man hath these forsaken but the strife Shall bring an hundred-fold of blessings new,

And in the world to come, eternal life. Then courage, christian soul, the way is clear,

Marked out and trodden by the prince of light; Thou needst no longer grope in darkness here,

The sun is shining with effulgence bright The holy hill of zion is uncapped, The misty clouds that veiled it disappeared; Behold the city of our God, enwrapped In glorious splendor, by his saints revered. Come, then, and at the glorious shrine of God,

The loving seat of mercy, bow thee low; Accept the ransom, nevermore to plod The paths of wickedness, distress and woe.

Gifts.

ALONZO G. HOLLISTER.

The greatest spiritual gifts make the least external show.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

That kingdom which is to break in pieces and subdue all other kingdoms, and become a great mountain and fill the whole earth, cometh not with outward show, and will never be seen by material eyes.

A gift to see ourselves in that light of God which is brought by the messengers of Christ, who are sent to reap the world, is the greatest gift of vision.

A gift of faith in the anointing power with which Christ clothes his true messengers, and in the gospel light and testimony which they bring, confers a greater power than that which moves material substances without the contact of visible hands.

A gift which liberates and purifies the soul from sin and sinful desires is the greatest gift of freedom.

A gift that removes all spiritual diseases and all soul blemishes and imperfections, and restores access to the tree of life, is the greatest gift of healing.

A gift to keep all the commandments of God revealed in the everlasting gospel of Christ is the greatest gift of power.

Therefore, beloved doers of the work, let us covet the best gifts. For every good and every perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of light, with whom there is no variability, neither shade of turning.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Let Us be Patient.

DANIEL ORCUTT.

Listen. I will not detain you long. My subject is patience. Patience is one of the greatest of virtues, and those who possess it have that which will make them more kind and lovely, and better fit them to meet every-day crosses and trials that occur in life. Some persons seem to have a "charm," if I may use the word, which helps to keep their minds calm, clear, and peaceful, and their lives appear as a beautiful example. This charm, I think, must be the heavenly disposition which they learn to possess, to bear afflictions patiently, willingly. I often think how much happier we might be if we would learn more patience, and receive with meekness and humility all chastening necessary for our purification, as coming from our Father in heaven, for our highest good; which would prove a blessing, although to us it might seem the reverse.

It is astonishing how many people there are who go through life wearing a frown, losing all the happiness they might enjoy if they would cultivate patience and cheerfulness, and look on "the bright side of life." Impatience makes us unhappy, and causes others to feel uncomfortable. Let none of us think there is nothing worth living for, no good that we can do, no happiness in store for us, no friends faithful and true, no God of love, and no heaven for those who "run with patience the race set before them."

Let none of us take such a desponding view of a virtuous life that we can see no beauty in the crucifying work. This life is short. Why grieve about crosses that lie in our way, though they are many? or why stumble at every obstacle in our path? Our great exemplar has not taught us to do thus; his life was patient, perfect, peaceful, pure. May we walk in his footsteps; so live that our influence may tend to promote the happiness of all within our reach.

I would not claim to be a model of patience, but will toil on patiently, and bear tribulation for the gospel's sake; "for tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope;" "and all who have this hope,"—that is, the hope of being like Christ,— "purify themselves even as he is pure."

Enfield, Conn.

Notes by the Way. No. 7.

HENRY C. BLINN.

I refer with pleasure to the admonition which I find published in a paper having many thousands of subscribers. There seems to be the same necessity at the present time, as in the past, that a systematic course of teaching should be given to class after class. It is precept upon precept and line upon line. The same unchanging warning voice from childhood to manhood.

"Parents should be on such terms with their children that they will have no correspondence that is kept secret; and they should, as a matter of safety, see that no matter reaches their children through the mails which does not pass through their own hands."

This is just as it should be. It seems that there is a class of publishers and venders of demoralizing literature, and even of filthy publications, who avail themselves of the privilege of the U. S. mail, through which to reach more readily the homes and minds of the children and the youth. In this clandestine manner, unobserved by the parents and guardians, they force a stream of corrupting influences upon their manners and morals.

If this warning voice is demanded for the protection of children and youth in private families, and public institutions, then it becomes doubly necessary for the parents and guardians of our religious order to protect, as far as possible, their children and youth from the same objectionable matter. Most certainly we are not beyond these baneful influences which, through papers, books and letters, are so largely circulated; and it is as imperative that we should hold our children so kindly within the circle of our affections, that they would not wish to pursue any unprincipled course, either in regard to receiving or circulating that which is immoral.

Hid away as securely as it may be in the fine type of the *American Agriculturist*, we hope that the warning voice of the good editor may be seen by every reader.

It is not sufficient that quietness should mark our way, because we are established upon a religious foundation. The same influences that are enervating and destroying the souls and bodies of the thousands upon thousands, has more or less effect upon those who gather to our homes. There is need of better conditions.

In accepting children and youth, and even adults, into our institution, it is for the express purpose of having them so live, and so educated, that they may become worthy members of the society. Unless we are better able to watch over and protect them from wrong than were those from whom they were received, we do them and ourselves a great injustice.

Separated though we may be from the order of the world, we should prove

unworthy disciples of our Lord, or as members of a religious body, if we failed in any point of the duty assigned to us. It is not only the utter vileness, the bold and glaring evils, which may occasionally reach us through the mails, that we have need to fear, but that even which comes in a still more subtle form, through the columns of familiar papers and periodicals, and, may be, from the office of the so-called religious publications. These, yea, these which are so largely patronized and extensively published are equally to be dreaded.

And as I would earnestly warn a friend against an impending danger, so would I warn those who stand on this side of the "evergreen shores" against the sinful indulgence of reading for pleasure, or hearing from curiosity, that which is immoral.

Love,

BY D. F. CABLE.

In our bright happy sphere,
Or in heaven above,
Where all virtues appear,
There is nothing like love!
It ennobles, refines,
The rough nature of man;
And in woman it shines
As—nothing else can!

'Tis the lamp that illumines
The dark hours of strife;
'Tis the rose that perfumes
The fair garden of life;
'Tis the landmark that guides
O'er the ocean of care,
And the dark rolling tides
Of a gloomy despair.

'Tis a heaven of rest;
'Tis an eye to the blind;
'Tis a boon to the blest;
'Tis a calm to the mind.
'Tis a link that unites us
In heart, tho' abroad;
'Tis the glory that lights us
To a knowledge of God.

The Seraph: A Vision.

SUSANNA COLE LIDDELL, JR.

She came, this bright seraph, in haste o'er
the lea,
Her step seeming soft as the zephyr to me;
Her visage depicted the presence of youth,
All brightly aglow with the mission of truth.
Her being, all radiant with glimmers of
mirth,
Betokens the joy yet to dawn upon earth;
And sweet as the flower in vernal perfume
Appeared this bright seraph in her vestal
bloom.

Supreme was the beauty that reigned in her
heart,
Which visions elysian glory impart;
The beryl, transmitting its various dyes,
Compares with the luster her treasures de-
vise.

The light from her life of the spiritual birth,
Reveals lasting blessings of undying worth,
And, gilding the ether encircling our world,
Gives forms as of banners in splendor un-
furled.

In grateful obeisance to this seraph bright,
The angelic hosts would her presence invite;
And far warmer kindness beams from her
eyes
Than the sun-lighted arrows that traverse
the skies.
Her promised appearance—her mission of
grace
And truth—kindles rapture in every face;

And standing upright in her beauty, she
broke
The silence-bound spell, while as follows she
spoke:

"The children of God are the pure in heart:
All such from the ways of transgressors de-
part;
The hairs of our heads are all number'd,
we're taught,
And so are the evils that through us are
wrought.
Each word and each act shall be judged at
the bar
Of eternal justice. Whatever we are
In this state of trial, we there must appear,
And render account of our stewardship here.

"Yet even while here, to the honest and
true
Bright glories, immortal, will open to view;
The rainbow of promise, appearing in sight,
Inspires every soul with unceasing delight.
The manna of heaven is fresh on the dew;
It comes with the morning, delicious and
new.
The ransomed of Israel are fed to their fill
On this food of angels, the heavens distil.

"Though dim is the spirit of Christ to the
blind,
'Tis equally dim to the bigoted mind;
'Tis shipwreck of faith that eclipses the
light;
God's gifts then appear as disasters of night.
His nature, unchanged, is the same as of
yore;
He is still in the fiery pillar before;
Redeeming from bondage, sustaining in
grief,
Assisting the needy by timely relief.

"The temple He reared for the Israelite's
eye,
That they might the pleasures of idols deny;
He took from the nations of all that was best,
That beautiful temple in which to invest.
As pictures of these, to the juvenile mind,
Incite to intelligence, pure and refined,
These lessons portrayed in this symbolic
mode,
Prefigured in signs the celestial abode.

"The favored of God must in spirit be
strong,
Sustaining and helping the feeble along.
True faith is a God-given boon to possess,
Accorded to Abraham a true righteousness.
It was the legitimate graft of the soul
Which Christ, in his mission, did fully un-
fold,
The glorious Image, Divinity's form,
Our blessed Redeemer in truth did adorn.

"The channel is faith through which knowl-
edge doth come—
That knowledge we have of the eternal One.
Through faith was revealed to the patriarch
true

The God-given promise to bless and renew
To all coming nations of Abraham's seed.
That blessing should follow the faithful, indeed,

Who truly are worthy, through watching
and prayer,
The blessing of Abram and Jesus to share.

"Where much has been given, will much be
required;
The faithful, by infinite wisdom inspired,
Will multiply talents, increasing in worth,
That unfaithful servants will hide in the
earth.

Hence, leaders in Israel are called to be true,
Unshaken and faithful in carrying through
The work that is destined to bring to the race
Salvation from sin through the order of
grace.

"Salvation is wrought by confession of sin,
At God's sacred altar forgiveness to win;
By ceasing from evil, and learning the right,
The deep scarlet robe is exchanged for the
white.

Such souls as are cleansed from the stains of
the fall,
Through justification will honor their call,
Released from the fetters of slavery and sin,
Their spirits betoken that Christ is within.

"This spirit of Christ in the saints that
compose
His church here on earth, is a beacon to
those
Who're wand'ring o'er mountains and des-
erts, to find
An ark of protection and rest to the mind.
All such as are willing their lives to lay
down,
Will win in bright glory an immortal crown;
While those who in sacrifice give not the
whole,
Will forfeit a birthright more precious than
gold.

"Then courage, companions in life's toil-
some way,
The path will grow smoother, and brighter
the day;
God's promise is sure,—He will never forsake
The soul that's determined the kingdom to
take.

And such as in life's early stages begin
The work that shall cleapse from the nature
of sin,
Persistent in strife till the conquest is o'er,
Like flowers shall bloom on that beautiful
shore."

Union Village, O.

An Analysis of Human Society.

IN TWO NUMBERS. NO. I.

*Declaring the law which creates and sustains
a community having goods in common.*

DANIEL FRASER.

I introduce the following analysis
with a few remarks on co-operation.

Having been identified with co-operative efforts, and also with communities having goods in common, during the past forty years, I would, for the benefit of those having aspirations after a higher life than our present civilization affords, offer a few thoughts.

A number of persons uniting their labor and capital in any industrial business, is co-operation. The relative conditions of rich and poor are not disturbed. The strong are strong for themselves, the rich are rich for themselves. The one do not bear the infirmities of the weak, nor the other the conditions of the poor. Co-operation may be just, but organically it is destitute of the benign—the Christ element. Justice is not goodness; it is simply an exchange of equivalents. Goodness illustrates itself in giving, but expects no return. They are organically distinct. The former may be an eye for an eye, or a stroke for a stroke. Or it may be a pair of boots for a barrel of flour—a bushel of wheat for two yards of cloth. The latter returns good for evil, blessing for cursing. The former yields just acts, the latter divine deeds.

Capitalists may co-operate, and control the property of a country. The real capital of a country is not gold nor bits of paper. If there was no surplus of the necessities of life in the markets of the world, what would that which is called capital amount to! Nothing. Therefore, the actual capital of a country is the food and clothing, and other necessities of life, which the laborers of a country have produced and have to spare. If gold, silver, and bits of paper capitalists co-operate and control the real capital of a country, they control that which does not belong to them.

*That which the laborer has produced
should never, in the hands of others,*

be allowed to control him, nor affect injuriously that which he has produced.

Within the last century, a number of wealthy men co-operated and took possession (under the title of "The East India Company") of a great country, containing millions of people. They controlled the land, and, of course, the laborer and what he produced. Holding absolute possession of the soil, they assumed to be at once rulers, legislators, soldiers and merchants; a combination terrible in power. It was hell organized upon earth. The course they adopted ultimated, within the past few years, (under the auspices of the British government,) in the destruction of millions of human beings. Co-operators, on a smaller scale, buy great tracts of land, monopolize it and the contained minerals; coal, for instance, an article given for the general good of all. These co-operators tax the community, and sometimes actually control legislation. Hence, co-operation may be satanic, as above, or be just, as is the case with that form of co-operation which attracts attention at present; which creates property, and distributes it according to the power expended in creating it. Every infringement of justice is a satanic act.

The *prima facie* evidence is, that the greater portion of human action, at present, is satanic. The late war—the stupendous struggle of the slave—the satanic power was, intrinsically, to cause the slave to create property, and consume none except what was necessary to create more. The sympathy extended to said power by the ruling, the educated, and established religious classes, over nearly the whole surface of christendom, indicated what form of society at present prevails.

All efforts at reform are to prevent certain persons from holding and consuming property which they did not create.

I suggest that all co-operative societies, the members being creators of property, should have legislative protection, bounties, etc., afforded them; so that a just state of things may prevail.

Communities having goods in common, embrace the justice of co-operation with this organic difference: that the strong are strong for the weak as well as for themselves, and that the two great classes, rich and poor, are unknown. Such a community is a manifestation of the divine in man, even as slavery is of the satanic. Every act of goodness is a divine act.

Man being capable of benign acts, is evidence that he has a divine life within him; in a germinal state it may be.

The incipient quickening of the divine in man has been the cause of efforts to establish communities having goods in common, organically embracing and manifesting the benign or divine element in humanity. Jesus recognized this element—"be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in Heaven is perfect." "Ye are gods—divine, to whom the word of God came. Greater things than these shall ye do." "He who is the greatest, let *him* be your servant," etc. This can only be accomplished when the divine in man is quickened. This quickening convicts of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.

If we glance for a moment at the leading minds in the movement toward forming communities, we find them the noblest of the noble. Their highest aspirations were to inaugurate among men the reign of love and universal peace. Self-sacrificing men, all honor to you. A simple Shaker, from

the midst of his quiet home, extends to you the olive-branch of fraternity.

How is it that the noblest of men have not been able to establish communities having goods in common? They had honest hearts, ability and zeal, and other elements of success; yet they failed. The non-success of communities, embracing a number of families, and the success of the Shaker order, led me to an analysis of human society. For if physical things can be analyzed, and their forces, affinities, and quantities determined, why should not human society also be analyzed, and its forces and affinities ascertained, and thereby prevent, in the future, material loss and disappointments?

With this view, we will inquire—

First—What are the primary atoms of human society?

Second—What are the *forces* of these atoms?

Third—What are the products of these *forces* on each other?

Fourth—What are the organic laws which create and define distinct classes in human society? and what phases does society assume in reference to the organic laws of each?

I will now classify the materials to be analyzed.

Human society presents itself in three distinct orders: the just, the satanic, and the divine. The organic law of the just order is love of self and neighbor as self. This order was represented by the Jews, and is beginning to appear in the United States. "All men are equal." See also Homestead Bill, and other items flowing from just principles.

A Jew had as practical a right to land so that he might eat, as to air so that he might breathe. And usury being forbidden, prevented the growth of a moneyed aristocracy, controlling the products of labor, and arbitrarily changing their value.

The organic law of the satanic is, *love of self at the expense of the neighbor.*

This order is represented by two phases.

First, by holding human beings in absolute vassalage; breaking up the matrimonial and parental relationships of the enslaved; taking from them the property they create; standing between them and knowledge, and trampling upon their free agency.

The second phase is manifested in countries called free; said countries bringing forth millionaires, paupers and criminals. The land—the prime element of existence—being in the hands of a few, the masses are compelled to submit to the outrage of having no land, and of being servants to those who have. Forced to pay interest on enormous debts which they never contracted, and to support governments instituted to oppress them, and priesthoods for which they have no reverence.

The organic law of the divine order of human society is love to God supremely, and neighbor more than self—"in honor preferring one another."

"Let the greatest be the servant."

This order was represented by the Pentecostal church, and is now by the people called "Shakers." With them there is neither millionaire, pauper nor penitentiary; slave nor dependent; and where he who is the greatest is the most of a servant.

The mission of Moses was to establish the just order. And to effect that he required that the propensities (which all have in common with the lower animals,) should be subject to the following laws:—The dietetic, the protective, the agrarian, the agricultural,

the moral, the financial, and the Sabbath—of days, rest to the body; Sabbath of years—rest to the land and a canceling of debts; and every fiftieth year, all who had lost their land took possession of it again. These laws were more sweeping in their practical operation than most are aware of.

The nations and civilizations of antiquity fell in consequence of the unrestrained action of the propensities. Modern civilizations are taking the same course. It is righteousness alone that exalteth and giveth permanency to nations.

The mission of Jesus was to begin on earth the divine order of human society, as was manifested in the Pentecostal church, and now in that of the Shakers. The divine faculties were and are called into action, and the propensities excluded. The results were, and are, a virgin life and a community of all good things.

If communities, having goods in common, based on the total exclusion of the action of the propensities, exists in our day, the cause must be referred to the divine element in man being quickened.

Little Lou. Weldon's Wishes.

EZRA T. LEGGETT.

I'd like to be an angel,
But not to sigh away
My bonny, golden hours,
That brighten life to-day.
I'd be a dimpled angel,
And laugh, instead of cry,
Till every dark, unsilvered cloud
Was driven from my sky.

The angel from the better land,
That comes to me at night,
And smiles upon me in my dreams,
Oh, she is my delight.
I want to be the angel,
While dwelling here below,
That takes my heaven with me,
Wherever I may go.

My moments are too fleeting,
Too few my promised years,
To let my heart be beating
To unrequiting tears.
So I'll gather all the gladness
From the seasons as they roll,
And make the better angel
For the sunshine in my soul.

Union Village, O.

A Presbyterian's Vision.

WHAT CHURCH IN HEAVEN DID HE SEE?

The following vision was published in *The Presbyterian*, and we ask all good Presbyterians and other folk, to read of the good things which some one lost, by non-compliance with most urgent requests. What church in spirit land does as he saw saints doing? In whose honor do saints sing and dance? Let us reflect! ED.

I thought I was walking in the streets of a great city, many people were walking there besides myself; but there was something in the air which immediately struck me. They seemed thoughtful and cheerful; neither occupied with business nor pleasure, but having about them such a dignity of repose, such high and settled purpose, such grace and purity as never was stamped on mortal brow. The light of the city was also strange; it was not the sun, for there was nothing to dazzle; it was not the moon, for all was clear as day; it seemed an atmosphere of light, calm, lovely and changeless. The buildings seemed all palaces, but not like the palaces of earth; the pavements were all alike of gold, bright and shining, and clear as glass; the larger and glittering windows seemed like a divided rainbow, and were made to give and transmit none but the rays of gladness; it was indeed a place to which hope might bend, and where charity may dwell. I could not help exclaiming as I went along: "These are the habitations of righteousness and truth"—all was bright and perfect. I could not tell what was wanting in me, to wish for eternity in such a place, and yet its very purity oppressed me; and I saw nothing congenial, though looks of kindness met in every face of that happy throng. I felt responsive—I turned in silence from their friendly greetings, and walked on alone, oppressed and sad. I saw that all went one way; I followed, wondering the reason. At length I saw them approach a building much larger and finer than the rest; I saw them ascend its massive steps, and enter beneath its ample porch, but I felt no desire to go with them. I approached. I saw persons enter who were dressed in every varied costume of the nations, but they disappeared within the porch, and crossed all dressed in white. O, could I describe that hall to you! It was not the marble, it was not the crystal, it was not gold, but light! pure light consolidated into form. It was the moon without its coldness, it was the sun without its dazzling ray, and within it was a staircase, mounting upwards, all of light, and I saw it touched by snowy feet, and the white and spotless garments of those who ascended. It was indeed passing fair, but it made me shudder and I turned away. As I turned, I saw on the lower step, one looking at me with an interest so intense and manner so anxious, that I stopped to hear what he had to say. He asked in a voice like music, "why do you turn away?" "Is there pleasure elsewhere?" "Is there pleasure in works of darkness?" I stood in silence, he pressed me to enter, but I neither answered nor moved—suddenly he disappeared and another took his place, with the same look and manner. I wished to avoid him, but I seemed riveted to the spot. "Art thou come so far," said he, "and wilt thou lose labor? Put off thine own garment and take the white livery here." He continued to press me until I grew weary and angry, and I said I do not like your livery, and I am oppressed by your whiteness. He sighed and was gone. Many passed by me with looks of mingled kindness and pity, and pressed me to follow them on, and offered me a hand up the steps, which led to their mysterious change, but I rejected them and stood melancholy and distressed; at length one bright young messenger came up to me and entreated me to enter with a voice and manner which I could not resist; "do not turn away" said he, "where canst thou go? Do not linger, for why shouldst thou linger for naught? Enter then, and taste of happiness. Do not all tribes and colors press into that hall? Are they not clothed and warmed and comforted?" He gave me his hand and I entered the hall along with him. Here I was sprinkled with pure water, and a garment of white put on me, and I know not how, but I mounted the staircase with my happy guide. O what a light burst upon me when I reached the summit. Mortal words cannot describe it, nor mortal fancy conceive it. Where are the living sapphires? Where are the glittering stars

THE SHAKER.

that are like the bright radiance on which I stood? Where are the forms, or the looks of love that breathed in the innumerable company around me? I sank down overpowered and wretched. *I crept into a corner and tried to hide myself, for I felt that I had nothing in unison with the blessed creatures of such a place. They were moving in a dance to the music, to the harmony of songs that never fell upon my mortal ear.* My guide joined in rapture, and I was left alone. I saw tall forms, fair and brilliant in the ineffable felicity;—their songs and looks of gratitude forming the circumstances and differences of each. At length I saw one taller than the rest, one every way more fair, more awful—surpassing thought, and to him every eye was turned; and in his face, every face was brightened. *The song and dance were to his honor,* and all seemed to drink from him their life and joy. As I gazed speechless and trembling in the amazement, one who saw me left the company and came where I stood. Why, he asked, art thou silent? Come quickly and unite in the dance and join in the song. I felt sullen anger in my heart and answered with sharpness: “I will not join in your song, for I know not the strain. I will not join in your dance, for I know not the measure.” He sighed and with a look of surprising and humiliating pity, he returned to his place. About a minute after another came and addressed me as he had done, and with the same temper I answered him in the same words. He seemed as if he could have resigned his own dazzling glory to have changed me. If heaven knows anguish he seemed to feel it, but he left me and returned. What could it be that put such a temper into my heart! At length the Lord of the glorious company of these living forms of light and beauty, saw me and came where I stood. I thrilled in every pulse with awe; I felt my blood curdle, and the flesh upon me tremble. My heart grew hardened, my voice was bold. He spoke, and deep-toned music seemed to issue from his lips. “Why sittest thou so still, when all around you are so glad! Come join in the dance, for I have triumphed. Come join in the song, for my people reign.” Love ineffable unutterably beamed upon me as though it would have melted a heart of stone, but I melted not. I gazed an instant, and then said: “I will not join in the song, for I know not the strain; I will not join in the dance, for I know not the measure.” Creation would have fled at the change in his countenance. His glance was lightning and in a voice louder than ten thousand thunders, he said: “What dost thou here?” The floor beneath me opened; the earth quaked, and the whirlwinds encompassed me,—I sank down into tormenting flames;—with the fright I returned to consciousness.

Death is but the Passage into Higher Life.

JULIA JOHNSON.

Adown the stream of time we go,
On mingled wave of weal and woe,
Into the silent land.

As years recede, we near the goal,
Which usher into life the soul,
Where death has no command.

In youth, we look with solemn dread
On winding sheet, and sleeping dead.
And faint, would never know
The restful quiet of the grave;
But rather those excitements crave,
Attached to scenes below.

As hoary locks of age appear,
We smile to see the crossing near,
Which reaches to our rest;
With quickened pace and joyful tread,
We hail the boundaries of the dead,
As sacred soil, and blest.

For there the angels watch and wait,
To ope ajar the golden gates,
Of cities bright and fair;
Through which resound the welcome song,
Of the victorious happy throngs,
At our glad entrance there.

Roll swiftly on, remaining years,
Though robed with joy, or washed with tears,
We ask not further stay;
To earth, and all her shifting scenes
We bid adieu for holier themes—
Allied to endless day.

We yearn to reach the gladsome goal,
Where body separates with soul,
As she mounts up on high;
To dwell forever there, in peace,
Where true attractions never cease,
And love can never die.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

Praying for what we don't expect.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman—a long way from here—a very religious kind of a man he was; and in the morning he began the day with long family prayer that he might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A beautiful prayer it was, and I thought, what a good kind of a man you must be. But about an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing and scolding and going on finding fault with everybody and everything. And when I came into the house with him he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and so quick-tempered. “Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times be good for but to worry and vex one, with their idle, slovenly ways.”

I didn't say anything for a minute or two. And then I says, “You must be very much disappointed, sir.”

“How so, Daniel? Disappointed?”

“I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see it hasn't come.”

“Present, Daniel?”—and he scratched his head, as much as to say, “What ever can the man be talking about?”

“I certainly heard you speaking of it, sir,” I says quite coolly.

“Heard me speak of a valuable present. Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing.”

“Perhaps not, sir, but you've talked about it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I should dearly love to see it.”

He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain.

“You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart.”

“Oh, that's what you mean, is it?” and he spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

“Now sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered? If you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient and forgiving and kind? Why sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like; and you'd come in and sit down all in a

faint, and reckon as you must be agoing to die, because you felt so heavenly minded?”

“He didn't like it very much,” said Daniel, “but I delivered my testimony, and learnt a lesson for myself, too. You're right, Captain Joe, you're right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer.”—From “Daniel Quorm and his Religious Notions.”

Will the Coming Man be Sick?

A community in New York resort to what they call “cure by criticism” when any of their band is sick. They get around his bed and faithfully tell him all his faults, as far as known; and this, they say, “throws him into a profuse perspiration, usually resulting in a speedy recovery.”

We copy the above paragraph from a periodical which purposed ridicule by its publication. Let us see if there is not more truth in it, than subject matter for ridicule.

While we regret to say it, there are some disorders that are contracted by human society, that are very

shameful indeed; and a knowledge, by respectable society, of those afflicted, causes a criticism, that declares where they have been and what they have been doing. Society says they have grossly sinned, and shuns them until forgiven by recovery.

And society is right in its criticism. When for every headache, foul stomach, or cold, or other of the hundreds of human afflictions, society will as justly, if not

as severely, criticise and condemn, “will not the world be better for it?” If the “good time coming” ever comes, it will be said of us, “there is no more sickness, we are well!” and ere it does

arrive, we shall be in possession of a religion whose critical demonstrations upon us will often make us sweat. We want, added to what religion we now

have, more of the gospel of health; a gospel that will number among sins to be confessed, condemned and repented of, the almost numberless causes of getting sick, and we shall have more

of, and a better religion than we now have. Now, let our religion, through the church, our friends, or by our own consciences, or by all combined, criticise every ailment as in a degree sinful,

and administer the proper rebukeful medicine, with the “go and sin no more” addendum; and though we may have

some of the sins of others to bear through this life, we shall have fewer of our own and their effects, to carry; and generations to come will “rise up and call us blessed!” Will not the coming cycle include gospel criticism of the sick? Will the christians of the future be sick? And when we think at there

Jesus accepted any as his disciple “he cured him,” we are left without an argument that sustains the idea that he that is sick is a christian! A christian

will not marry; will not fight; will not hold private property; will live separate from the world. So far our Shaker criticism has carried us. What will it yet say of a sick christian? *

Why?

We have never met with any who did not admit the celibate virginity of Jesus. We have met with few, and but few intelligent persons, who denied that the character of the Pentecostal church was the same. It is well known that some of Jesus' immediate disciples were married men, and that very many of his subsequent adherents were married people. It is as well known that not only were the relations of husband and wife abandoned by the disciples on becoming such, but we learn that “lo! we have left all to follow thee!” This is why they “left” husbands, wives, children, houses, and lands, etc., etc.—left their ownership and practice, had “all things in common” like brethren and sisters. But the question comes often and pleadingly, “Why is it necessary you should do so?” If merely to be a follower of Christ Jesus, this would be necessary. But had Jesus never appeared, and had the discovery of the superior life been left for another, then would our convictions of “the better way” be just as binding. But how can christians follow Jesus in marriage, in war, in selfish possessions, in sensual, worldly life? How can they follow him where he not only failed to go, but taught explicitly the forsaking of all these and their constituents, by all “who would be my disciples?” “Let the world run out?” Jesus did not so question, nor his disciples with him. The world will never be depopulated because of any grand rush to practical christianity, nor because of “the few” who will “follow him” through “the straight gate” of his self-denials; for people are not so anxious to be christians. But the “why do you so?” is not on Jesus' account, but upon our own. It pays better interest in spiritual things; and to come in possession of heavenly treasures we have forsaken earthly practices that prevent such possessions. This is why Jesus so lived; and our lives are similar to his by coincidence; seeking the same ends, our conclusions are identical lives. And we know of none so spiritual as virgin celibates.

Now and Then.

All should aim to live now, to the ends of present comforts, and the prevention of future regrets. If present good or comfort infringe on future rewards of justification, then self-denial now is better, happier now, than an excess of future anguish, the consequence of excessive jubilation now. Self-denial now is not intended as a punishment, nor to prevent future pun-

ishment.

—Young.

ishments; it pays now, and for all time to come. Take the daily routine of a self-denying christian's life, with all its crosses and absence of worldly pleasure, and contrast the real condition of such an one with the epicure, the unrestrained libertine, the ribald, pleasure-seeking debauchee! Which longs more for the other's condition? Does the self-denying Shaker ever desire the condition of the debauchee, when the phantom he sought through indulgences has fled? Does not the sickened soul of the dilapidated worlding often, and very often wish, pray, anguish for the condition which every true Shaker mind should possess? In the hours of solitude and sickness, of wretched feelings and hell, of a being spent in pleasure, does he think it pays to be a worshiper at the shrine of Bacchus, of Venus, of Mars, or Phrygia? Every hour spent now for soul-development into better men and women, even in the practice of severe self-denials, will by the by be considered as angelic control. Every dime and dollar saved from the pleasure of the senses, and devoted to the furtherance of the gospel to other souls, will in the near future not only not be regretted as so spent, but wishes many will then be vain, that hundreds were not so spent. Let us all be good, be happy, enjoy every gospel good and gain. Then let us spare for the church any excess that would give us present indulgence, but thereby rob the church of what it right fully claims. The church of old used to demand a tenth of all. Should the same be demanded now for the spread of the gospel, it would make some so-called christians swear! And yet we see them sitting not far from heaven's gate in the future, and wishing that they had done differently now. *.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There would be very much more genuine religion in this world if people would say before our faces what they speak behind our backs. To be sure, they would appear less beautiful, but, really, they would be as pretty. Just such hypocrisy, commonly practiced in feelings, words and actions, is the main cause of so much irreligion and black-heartedness, so prevalent in this world. When we shall appear just as we are, we shall know our real friends and enemies. But when the cloaks are removed, beyond the possibility of recovery, how awfully silly a great many people will act who have practiced deception successfully(?) in this life!

What a monument of philanthropy is a genuine Shaker! Every Shaker in this land has a thousand and more gospel parents, thousands of brothers and sisters, thousands of houses and lands, and millions of dollars' worth of money! And yet he is not only willing to share parents, brothers, sisters, houses, acres, and money, but goes abroad variously trying to get any or many to share these

as freely as he does. With no issue by nature to leave these to, he anticipates the congregations of those who are utter strangers to him now, and trusts them with all he ever possessed, to be used by these successors for the same gospel purposes, and transmitted to others in like manner!

Vicarious Atonement.

The righteousness which God imputes to those whom He justifies, is the righteousness that springs from the spotless obedience and the sacrificial death of the Lord Jesus Christ. And this righteousness is a perfect righteousness, and an everlasting righteousness, and a righteousness intrinsically of infinite value. Perfect—for it needs no supplement, as indeed it can receive none. It is admitted in the court of heaven's jurisprudence as a full acquittal against all charges which, from any and every quarter, may be brought against the man to whom it is imputed. It cancels the guilt of all sin, fulfills all the requirements of law, satisfies all the claims of justice, upholds the integrity of moral government, and makes it not less honorable to the majesty of God's holiness, than to the riches of His mercy, to restore the transgressor to His friendship. Everlasting—for it shall never be superseded, and never exhausted. It will never become obsolete, but be always new, and constitute the title-deed to the saint's inheritance, as long as the inheritance itself shall last. And it is intrinsically of infinite value—for it is the righteousness not of a man, nor of any creature, however exalted, but of the Eternal Son of God.

—Dr. Steane.

Here is the doctrine of "Imputed Righteousness" clearly stated in small compass. We find it in the *Christian Intelligencer*, the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church. How intelligent men can believe such a doctrine as this, it is difficult to conceive. How the obedience, or the moral excellence of one person can be accepted as the excellence of another person, who does not possess any, and be transferred to his account, we cannot understand. How an impure man or woman can be regarded as pure because some one else is pure, is contrary to all known laws of intellectual and moral action. It would be considered monstrous in human society. The state could never regard a murderer as innocent because the hands of some of his friends were not stained with blood. No parent could think the guilt of a child was canceled because another one was willing to suffer for him. Character cannot be transferred. It is impossible in the very nature of things. It is the result of individual action and life. It is as impossible as it would be for a vine to impute grapes to the dead stake which supports it. It is a violation of all laws human and divine. It is hardly possible to conceive how the divine character could be presented in a light more directly the reverse of all that is wise and just and good. But our readers can judge for themselves.—N. J. Messenger.

OUR COMMENTS.

We find, in the latter of these articles, some excellent truths, as opposed to the errors of many "who believe a lie"—lies.

As THE SHAKER expects every man and woman to do his and her own duty, and believes there comes a day when all will be rewarded according as their

works have been, it thinks it not a safe, sound nor rational position to abide in, to leave our work for Jesus, or any man or woman to do for us. Jesus is our good example; let us follow it. Jesus died for us—died unto sin and in defence of principles that will save us from sin if we adopt them—and yet he more truly lived for us, by showing us how to live them; he lived what he taught, and said "follow me." We agree with the Methodist rhyme, which, while popular as a hymn, is a lasting rebuke to Methodist theology: "Must Jesus bear the cross alone, and all the world go free? Nay, there's a cross for every one, and there's a cross for me."

THE CHILDREN'S GROTTO.

BE KIND.

One more short talk, my children: Learn to be kind, first to brothers, sisters, parents, teachers—and it will be thought strange if you are not kind to those who are so kind to you. But let me nudge you upon the subject of kindness to animals and plants, particularly the animals, for they sense pain almost or quite equal to yourselves. If you are kind to them, they will be kinder, not only to you, but to every one else, because you are so. In driving horses or oxen, do not jerk the reins or ply the lash thoughtlessly—these actions not only hurt them, but hurt your kindness of heart, so you will grow to be more unkind to everything and everybody. My heart weeps at every recollection or observation of cruelty to those who cannot tell how badly they feel! and if we must repent of every such cruelty committed by us, what rivers of bitter tears must yet be shed for such abuses by children, and "children of larger growth!" The useful animals are capable of deep affection and kindness. Let us cultivate these. I have seen boys with oxen and horses, and girls with birds, rabbits and cats, who were very cruel from want of sense, or to manifest authority. Don't do so, my children—think, and you will not. The elephant which became enraged at those who abused him, loved and fondled the little babe, even in his rage, which had always played lovingly with its trunk! No horse would purposely hurt a kind child. Animals realize "what manner of spirits we are in possession," and are very apt to catch of the same; therefore, deal kindly with them, and you will never regret doing so. Oh! if I shall have saved you from future regrets, caused you to spare the flowers, trees, and all the birds, animals and persons from pain, I will be happier, not only for the saving of the pain, but, for your sakes, in nipping in the bud that which, unchecked, grows in time to be a monster of cruelty. Then think that naughty, unkind words hurt the animals, and particularly your companions and friends. Set a guard on your feelings and tongues. A writer of beautiful poetry has said:

"The springtime of our years is soon dis-honored
And defiled, at most, by budding ills, that
ask
A prudent hand to check them. None soon
er shoots
Into luxuriant growth than cruelty,
Most devilish of them all!"

Be mine the prudent hand; be yours the tender, loving, learning hearts. Weep with me, because of the cruelty of human hearts, hands and tongues. And let our weeping produce more than tears: let it create resolves of kindness, and to help others to be kind; and may God and good angels make our resolves most active, my dear children,

and to repeat truthfully, "I WILL BE KIND," and I will be Yours, GEO. ALBERT.

A VERY COMMON ERROR.

I want to point out to my hundreds of children who read THE SHAKER, a very common error in writing and speaking—one committed frequently by otherwise good, scholarly writers and speakers. It is in the improper uses of the little words, *or* and *nor*; *no*, *not*, *neither* and *either*. Almost every paper or book we read, some instances of the error occur. Remember that *either* and *or* are used together, as "Either you or I must go." But the most common mistake is in using *no*, *not*, *neither* and *or* together, as "*Neither* you or I;" "*No* man or woman, *nor* child *or* beast escaped." Corrected: "*Neither* you nor I;" "*No* man *nor* woman, *neither* child *nor* beast escaped." Bear in mind that *no*, *neither*, *nor*, *not*, etc., are used in conjunction, and *either*, *or*, etc. I think the cause of such common, but thoughtless mistakes, is the good, grammatical rule, "Two negatives are equal to one affirmative;" but this rule has no connection, in fact, with the above mistakes, but may be supposed to have by many. There are some instances where the usage of good writers and speakers could never be admitted to be good grammar nor sensible; and the above errors are among the number. Now let me refer you to a mistake in the January number. In the beautiful music we find, "*No* longer," etc., and further on, "*Or* wish," etc. This was a mistake of mine—of my eye, not of my understanding. Now read the second verse, third line, and you will find better work. After a little notice of, and practice in correcting these errors, you may become as afflicted by seeing them made so commonly, as your friend, GEO. ALBERT.

THE SHAKER CHILD'S PRAYER.

Have you ever seen it? It is beautifully printed, in blue, on cards. I will send each of my children one on the reception of name and stamp. GEO. ALBERT LOMAS.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ALCOVE.

[For The Shaker.]
Disease from Animal Poisons.

INFECTION—INOCULABILITY—PREVENTION—DESTRUCTION.

BY DR. C. A. GUILMETTE.

Animal virus or poison, to a greater or less degree in a point of quantity as well as virulence, belongs to small-pox, scarlet fever, cholera, diphtheria, measles, whooping-cough, catarrh, glanders, plague, typhus fever, typhoid fever, yellow fever, metria or childbed fever, syphilis, erysipelas, hydrocephalus, and pyemia or hospital fever. Animal poisons exhibit no kind of cell nor germs, and are therefore structureless. They are more or less acid, and corrode more or less actively, according to the density of the skin or membrane with which they may be brought in contact. When received into the nose, throat, or windpipe, their action is much more rapid and sure, particularly if any part or portions of the mucous membranes be denuded. Solid animal poisons, such as small-pox virus, travel a very little way, not more than three or four yards, under the most favorable circumstances, but hold on most tenaciously to all woolens or velvets.

The virus of small-pox and scarlet fever is thrown off with the epithelial covering of the skin and mucous membrane; travels short distances, but holds on to solid articles. It may also be conveyed in letters.

The poison of measles is the same as that of scarlet fever, and is thrown off mainly from the bronchial and nasal surfaces.

The poison from whooping-cough is thrown off from the pharynx, or upper part of the throat; is a local poison, very irritating, and may be conveyed from one child to another

from kissing. The same may be said of catarrh, which is frequently conveyed from one person to another from shaking hands, particularly if the hands be moist and are shortly after brought in contact with the lips, nose or eyes.

Diphtheria is conveyed with more difficulty than whooping-cough, catarrh or glanders. The poison is found in the nose or throat, and is only communicable by the secretions, and then the part or parts affected must be abraded. We have no evidence that it has ever been conveyed by clothing.

The poison from typhus fever is the most volatile of all. It emanates from the lungs as well as the skin of infected persons; also, from the watery exhalations.

The poison from typhoid fever is soluble, less volatile than that of typhus; usually conveyed in the fluid form, and may be taken into the body with drinking-water or even food; it may dry on the clothes of the infected, and as a fine dust may be carried short distances by the air.

The poison of cholera, of the infection and inoculability of which there is no question or doubt in the minds of those who have tested and experimented upon its elements, obeys nearly the same laws as that of typhoid fever. It may be carried as an infection, either in the form of fine powder, or in the vapor of water.

The above facts have been most elaborately discussed and admitted by leading professors of organic chemistry and toxicology, and the few who dare to deny the infection, as well as the inoculability of all animal poisons, are those who have not only never satisfied themselves by stern experiment, guided by the truthful cicerone, Science, but who desire to be considered singularly wise, relying upon the frail position occupied by themselves in soi-distant high society, and believing that their opinions must outweigh those of the scientific and practical testist.

Let those obtuse obstinates, by way of experiment, handle, or come in contact carelessly with an animal poison, and they will be quite likely to meet the fate of the German veterinary anti-trichinist, who would not believe that sausages made from pork meat containing trichina were poisonous, and by way of brag ate some, and died in twenty-four hours.

The susceptibility of a person to any of the diseases above mentioned depends in the main upon the condition, or diathesis, so-called, of the general system. Where there exists an even tendency to an excess of acid in the fluids of the body, the individual so affected is predisposed. It is well-known that the bodies of those who have died from small-pox, scarletina, etc., have been so acid that at autopsies made upon them the edge of the scalpel employed has become in a few minutes corroded and rendered for the time useless.

In the treatment of these diseases these facts should be borne in mind, and a healthy equilibrium established as soon as possible. Five-grain doses, every thirty minutes, of tartarized soda will accomplish this quicker and better than anything else, and where sore throat exists, particularly in scarlet fever, from five to six-grain doses, every hour, of the hydrochlorate of ammonia in water. Now that several of these poisonous diseases are in our midst, every man, woman and child should be dosed for three or four days with tartarized soda, in solution, or placed on the tongue dry. This will prevent an attack; or, should any follow, the disease will appear in a very mild form. Vaccination is a good preventive at the proper time and place, but of what advantage, if the acid diathesis exists already? It is as absurd as to "lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen," or to vaccinate a man when laboring under an attack of small-pox! In fact, vaccination upon those laboring under the other states. He is now 83 years of age.

an acid reaction will not only hasten the development of the disease, but develop it in a much worse form than if nature had not been meddled with.

Persons afflicted with small-pox or varioloid, simple or confluent, to avoid scars, should wash the parts frequently with a decoction of *Sarcococca Purpurea* or Indian cup, a Nova Scotia plant. Disinfectants may be good for the nose of the attendant, but will not destroy virus—nothing short of extreme temperature will answer—as low as 20° or as high as 212° Fahrenheit.

In giving utterance to my views on infectious and contagious diseases, the motive is not to solicit general practice, as my office business gives me enough to do; but if possible communicate to my professional brethren and the public generally, the result of thirty years observation and study in the first hospitals on the continents of Europe, North and South America, and portions of Asia.

I wish to satisfy all that the above enumerated diseases are more or less infectious and inoculable, and that the maintenance of a healthy equilibrium of the acid and alkaline secretions of the body is more to be relied upon as a preventive of small-pox than hazardous revaccination, which the astute physician seldom if ever practices upon himself. My experience has taught me to dread more typhoid fever than either Asiatic cholera or small-pox.

Concord, N. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ENFIELD, N. H., Feb. 8, 1877.

Our dear Sister L—: Your beautiful letter is before me. I have read and re-read its contents several times; and had you selected any subject other than the one it contained, it could not have met the appreciation that it did. I love the religious tone, the subdued, humble spirit it manifested, and I prayed involuntarily: "O, divine spirit, protect this, thy lamb. Do turn all her heart unto thee! Clothe her with a love eternal for the truth and the purity of thy way, that she may walk in it, and not falter. Make her a virgin, that she may stand with thy daughters and with thy sons, and may know of the freedom which thy children inherit. Bought with a price, one among the many that are called to do this work. Wilt thou, O brooding spirit of a mother, hover near, and shield this little one from harm for her faith's sake, and for the innocence and the purity of soul that is hers to possess. Do be jealous over the enemies of her household, that would destroy the good seed thou hast sown in love and kindness. We know thy spirit lives, and wilt hear this, our petition, and we trust her to thy care; though she be led through deep waters, we will not doubt that the hand that guides is safe and sure."

Dear L—, I might say many pleasant things of a different character; but if I judge rightly, it is serious thought and meditation that best satisfies you, because it is the way your convictions lead you. You must walk; do not tire, nor be discouraged, though the strife requires stern effort. If truth is ever your motto, it will anchor you safely, and nothing of this earth can destroy your purpose. Ever remember me as a sister, walking the same path with you, and do not fear to reach out and clasp my hand for strength and aid, if obstacles you meet are hard to comprehend. We must, we will stand together, and see the end of our faith, and strive with all our companions, redeemed from the worldly life,—bright, virgin band. In sweet affection, your sister,

ELIZA A. STRATTON.

[The following letter is from the pen of an honorable and aged citizen of Warner, N. H. He has, for many years, been an active and influential correspondent of the press, especially in the agricultural departments, and is well known, not only in this, but in many of

His first visit to this society was in 1798, and from that date to the present time, has always maintained the most friendly relations to the society as a whole, and an intimate social relation with many of the leaders in particular. H. C. B.]

WARNER, N. H., February, 1877.

Mary Whitcher—My dear Friend: It seems a long while since I have heard anything direct from my many friends at your pleasant village, but trust there has not been any material change there since the sudden demise of my kind friends, Harvey A. and Emeline K. Should I ever again visit your place, I shall sadly miss their pleasant faces and friendly greetings.

Change, incessant change, is one of the early laws of creation, to which all animated life is subjected; and it is the part of wisdom for all rational beings to be prepared for the last great change that awaits us. That my kind friends were prepared for such a change we all have reason to believe, and such a belief leads us to feel that "our loss is their gain." *

I have just been looking over a large collection of pamphlets, the accumulation of over half a century, and find a series of pamphlets with the title of "Cincinnatus," which contains much matter that may interest your young folks. Several of the pamphlets contain very beautifully engraved landscape views, similar to those I forwarded some two or three years ago. As I have received appreciative acknowledgments from several of the brothers and sisters for former contributions, I take great pleasure in forwarding these. I suppose there may be a still younger class of both sexes, for whom you will find several small engravings for their acceptance.

I have received the January SHAKER, and was much pleased in the perusal of "Notes by the Way." "I kindly thank you" has truly "a magic influence." In the course of my long life, I have met with hosts of kind and polite persons; as well, also, with many "churlish bipeds," whose attempts at thanks for favors received was anything but civil or polite. I have perused other portions of THE SHAKER with much interest.

To all my good friends at your home please render my affectionate regards. Believe me truly, your much-obliged friend,

LEVI BARTLETT.

SOUTH LEE, MASS., February, 1877.

Mr. Briggs—Dear Sir: I have had THE SHAKER sent me, I think, ever since it was first published, and cannot very well do without it. I subscribed last year at West Pittsfield, through Eliza Chapin's agency. It seems her spirit has taken its flight, and no more dear Eliza here. I have known her for many years, sweet soul! Inclosed is sixty cents, and little enough, too, for such a work. Please favor me with it another year, and as long as it is published. It is the best publication out, or that ever will be, to me. Please give us plenty of Shaker music.

Respectfully, ISAAC B. WEBSTER.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 27, 1877.

J. E. W.—My loving Friend: It has been nearly a year since I received your kind and affectionate letter. I am somewhat advanced in years, and quite out of the habit of writing; and on this account I have put it off from time to time, waiting a more convenient season. Please forgive me for my unfaithfulness. Your letter was received with thankfulness, and has been read over and over again with much interest. I do not feel worthy to be called a sister by one of God's chosen witnesses, as I have not lived a true Shaker life, although I fully believe in the doctrine, and have great joy in believing it to be the true and everlasting gospel. I thank God that he has prolonged my life to see the millennial day. I joy to see the little paper flying through the earth, going out from the new heaven with its leaves laden with "good news" and good laws, both for the body and

mind. These may be the leaves spoken of in scripture, that should be for the healing of the nations. The good health which I have enjoyed for several years I owe in a great measure to the comforting influences which I have received through those precious leaves. How happy I would be to assist in anything to help promote the great and glorious work. When the little SHAKER reaches me with its cheering words so full of sympathy and love, it dispels the gloom and cheers the heart. I am even now anxiously waiting its arrival. Remember me in your prayers.

Yours sincerely, C. E. B.

I inclose one dollar to pay for the paper for 1877, and the balance may be retained to aid in doing deeds of goodness. C. E. B.

OUR RECIPE NOOK.

GRAHAM GEMS.—One quart milk and two even cups of Graham flour. Beat together so as to be smooth, and free of lumps; then turn in well-buttered and very hot "gem irons," and bake in a quick oven. Made in this way, they are very light, tender and sweet, needing no soda nor salt. If made any stiffer, they will not be light.

NEWSPAPERS FOR PLANTS.—Newspapers are a very cheap and convenient protection to plants liable to the exposure of cold air. But the advantage of several thicknesses is not well understood. They operate in the same way as forest leaves, namely, confine thin strata of air between their layers; only newspapers, being larger than leaves, hold the thin plates of air more perfectly. A large number of papers spread one above another, will afford an amount of protection from cold that will be surprising to those who have not given them a trial.

TO EXTRIPATE HOUSE INSECTS.—Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves and the like. Brush crevices in the floor of the skirting or mopping boards, if you suspect they harbor vermin.—*Phren. Journal.*

MENDING GLASS.—For mending valuable glass wares that would be disfigured by common cements, take a mixture of five parts gelatine, to one of solution of acid chromate of lime. Cover the edges thoroughly, press together, and expose to the sunshine. This mending will stand the hottest water.

Dr. Hallock, in a late convention in New York, criticised the soundness of the doctrines which give to a dead hundred-millionaire a seat by the white throne, side by side with Jesus, whose life was spent in a diametrically opposite manner; and, measured by the standard in vogue with us, was no success, while the hundred-millionaire's was completely such. The truth is, that spiritualism and the life of Jesus are so simple, they become a stumbling-block to the Jews of to-day as they did to those of old, and there was no opposition in the dying millionaire proclaiming, "I can never lose my faith in Jesus." Christianity only became corrupt when it became rich.

The word Christ's Gospel brought was love and peace, A reconciling word to sinful men; That they from enmity and strife should cease, And as one family should dwell again. But, still estranged, behold the nations stand! While over Europe hangs the cloud of war, Which but of late made desolate our land, But now in mercy driven from us afar. But still do enmity and hate remain, One nation still we are, but not one race; From human limbs have fallen slavery's chain; When from the mind shall vanish, too, its trace, And in our hearts truth's glorious power be known, And self, and sin, and hate be overthrown?

The Lord's Sabbath.

ELDER F. W. EVANS.

What is it? "God did rest, the Sabbath-day, from all his works, and was refreshed." "How did he rest? Was he tired?" He that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his. "How did God cease from his working?" If Jesus had given them rest, he would not afterwards have spoken of another day, another Sabbath. "There remaineth, therefore, a rest, or Sabbath, for the people of God," yet to come. Jesus gave to his followers no Sabbath-day. When himself and disciples broke the Jewish Sabbath, Jesus justified it. We do good on the Sabbath, and so will ye also, when it suits your selfish convenience. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." "Jesus was Lord of the [true] Sabbath."

The centennial commissioners admitted thousands, each Sabbath-day. They excluded the masses, to whom the exposition belonged, and who had as good a right as the commissioners to be their own judges of what comported with their own welfare. It was a national affair, a world's fair. As this nation is composed of all theological sectarians on earth, each day is a Sabbath, held sacred by some of its people. The American government is not more christian than Hindoo, and has no constitutional right to teach, nor enforce, any form of theology, nor to appoint a theological Sabbath. It was insulting the people of the whole world to invite them to a world's exhibition, and then compel them, at great expense, to lose one day in seven, observing a Sabbath not their own, and then have to keep their own Sabbath, or be irreligious.

As a people, an order, our existence is assured only so long as the government remains unsectarian,—separate from all theology, just as Jefferson and Paine created and left it,—a civil government.

The Shaker church, or dispensation, is the "Sabbath of the Lord, the Sabbath of Jesus." It includes the short-time Sabbaths of the Jews, one day in seven, one month in seven, one year in seven; and then the jubilee, typical of the dispensation, wherein there should be no poverty, the land and the labor being in common. At the jubilee of jubilees, or Sabbath of Sabbaths, the land returned to its proper owners, the people, men, women and children. A general bankrupt law released all debtors, and slaves were made land-owners. The radical principle revealed by Jehovah, that land was no more property than sea, air or sunshine, was operative in the short-time Sabbaths. Shakerism is lord of the short-time Sabbaths,—swallows them up. It is a long-time, perpetual Sabbath, a day of rest from selfish property and its concomitant curses. The truth, the good, the blessing of gospel brotherhood and sisterhood, ultimated in Pentecostal love, the men, to kill no human being, nor even

law of life, the Pentecostal church. This was the child-man which the dragon,—Rome, the first beast, coming up out of the sea,—destroyed from earth. The murderous emperor, Constantine, set up in its stead an anti-christian kingdom, likened to a bear, lion and leopard. It was a church-and-state system of rights, ceremonies, dogmas, creeds, and a Sunday, with other days of saints and martyrs innumerable, as now observed by Catholics,—marriage, war, land-monopoly, religious persecution, the inquisition, and the misery to the poor, consequent upon the abrogation of even the short-time Sabbaths that, under the law, did provide for a day, a month, a year, and then during the jubilee all the substantial necessities and comforts of life, by universal labor, universal possession and enjoyment of the earth, for a time leaving the "all things common" of the Pentecostal church entirely out of sight of the poor, as being utterly impracticable on earth.

The second beast,—protestantism,—came up out of the earth, copying all the evils of the first beast, and omitting nearly all the good of the short-time Sabbaths of the Jews, and many of the doctrines and practices of the primitive christian church. Then we have the protestant-puritanic Sabbath, Thanksgiving and Christmas, stuffing those who have and starving those who have not,—a purely ceremonial day, no Sabbath at all; nay, not even the shadow of one. Anti-Christ has reigned, and made desolate; all is Babylon,—a permanent religious panic. "Come out of her, *my people*, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and receive not of her plagues,—her seven plagues," was the call of God to Mother Ann and her followers, no less than to the rationalists,—infidels to Babylon theology,—and sceptics of all kinds, than to those who had "wandered after the beast, or his image." Through the more spiritual elements, these latter were called by the gospel to found the first cycle of the new heavens. The former were called by the same spirit to found the first cycle of the new earthly government,—the government of the United States. The earth had to be redeemed as the basis for the new heavens to rest upon, and as a source of supply of members, by which alone a celibate order could be supported.

Is it consistent, or would it be right, for followers of the first and second beasts,—sectarians,—to bring into Zion the prejudices and persecuting spirit of religious bigots, against the infidels to false theology and its damnable effects upon mankind? It is an error to be eradicated. Each of those parties has some truths the other needs; and each has some errors to be shaken off. Hume, Voltaire, Humboldt, Tyndall, Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, and their fellows, search for God in nature, in man. This religion was and is to do good to all men, to kill no human being, nor even

to torture them. Voltaire caused the abolition of torture in France as applied to witnesses. Paine sought to abolish capital punishment and war, and voted in the French assembly to kill the king, but spare the *man*, Louis. The infidel class in America effected the abolition of imprisonment for debt; caused the homestead bill to be passed, and secured the freedom of public lands to actual settlers; gave women protection in property to some extent; did good, and nothing but good. Lincoln, an infidel, signed the emancipation act. What have the orthodox church party of America to show of practical good done on earth? Have they not opposed every good measure for redeeming the earth, from that of land limitation to that of slavery? Is not their selfish, cruel oppression enough to make men mad? Of old, the orthodox party did make men mad by their crusades and St. Bartholomew massacres, their inquisitions, religious wars and persecutions. Is not all the blood shed upon earth of Babylon,—church and state,—religion? And God gave her blood to drink in the American and French revolutions, a reaction of humanity against the ecclesiastical-theological tyranny and oppression of past ages. Paul said to the Galatians: "I stand in doubt of you; ye observe days, and months, and times, and seasons. The Son of Man is Lord of all these." Having been called into the gospel, with its increasing cross, they preferred the shadow to the substance. They would rather pay a tenth than sacrifice all their property, preferred being circumcised to living a virgin life. It was easier to give eye for eye, tooth for tooth, than to be non-resistant, or return good for evil. The anti-christian world would much rather keep a puritanical, artificial Sabbath-day than abolish slavery, forgive debts, or undo heavy burdens, and let the oppressed poor go free. Even the New England Sabbath-day-keeping, with the non-observance of dietetic and procreative laws, enjoined by Moses, is likely to end in the extinction of the Yankee race. Two children in three families indicates a lack of blessing somewhere. [See report of Association of Science, in Boston.] This New England gospel is not equal to the law of *types and shadows* of the true gospel. In short, there is no objection to the civil government appointing a non-theological day of rest. Neither is there any objection to people observing any day as a theological Sabbath, as do the Jews. And believers, like friends, may regard as sacred any time set apart for spiritual and religious observance.

For spiritual and religious observance.

DEATH.—Elder William Leonard, of the Harvard Shakers, departed this life for the next phase of human existence, Tuesday morning, January 23d, after a long and painful illness from an infection of the kidneys. During the latter part of his sickness he had not been able to lie down, and was obliged to remain in a sitting position. It was the only way he could obtain relief. He was seventy-three years of age, and united with the society forty-eight years ago. He was a native of the Provinces, and previous to his uniting with the society had been a resident of New York city. He was an active agent for its welfare, and a devoted adherent to the faith which leads from a worldly to a christian life.

At the time of his death he was the head of the South family of Shakers, and had been for some time. He held other important places of trust and responsibility, and was widely known as a public man. At the public meetings of the Shakers he always took an active part in their religious exercises, where he advocated the religious faith of the society, and was one of their ablest speakers.

He will be missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, and by the members of the community, who will seriously feel the loss of his presence, good influences, and valuable services. His whole life is his best eulogy.—*Public Spirit.*

EVERGREEN SHORES.

MARGARET STEADFAST, W. Gloucester, Me., aged 17.

CHRISTIAN GOLEASON, Pleasant Hill, Ky.
HENRY W. BRYAN, Pleasant Hill, Ky., aged 62.

GEORGE GIARD, Pleasant Hill, Ky.

At Shakers, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1877, Ephraim Prentiss, aged 74. Many mouths can speak his praise.

BOOK TABLE.

Mark Twain has invented a SCRAP-BOOK! Twain says very many funny and foolish things; but in adding this invention to the library, desk, counting-room, etc., he has done us all a remarkable favor. It is gummed on every page, ready for the scraps, no past being required; and is, all in all, a unique desideratum, difficult to be spared after once seeing how very nice it is. For this indispensable, send Woodman, Sloane & Co., 119 William street, New York.

THE EVOLUTION comes to our table very acceptably. Its aim is to fill a space made void by extensive growths from old political parties and theologies, made by numerous individuals who demand something better than now is. Its appearance and the subject matter of the copies we have seen speak very highly for it. J. D. Bell is its editor, 34 Dey street, New York.

PLAIN TALKS UPON PRACTICAL RELIGION: Is now ready, containing an epitome of Shakerism. We anticipate an extensive circulation for it. It contains the names and addresses of all the novitiate elders. Sending one of these pamphlets to inquirers answers the purpose of many letters; and replies to an hundred questions naturally and constantly recurring to the minds of any who are at all interested in the Shakers as a people. By mail, six cents. Address either the editor or publisher of THE SHAKER.

Let not the extraordinary folly of our rulers lead our country into war; and change our rulers, O God, as soon as possible.—*Spurgeon.*

GOSPEL DAY.

Union Village, Ohio.

Canterbury, N. H.

The glo - rious day is dawn - ing, The day of full re - lease; Ev - en now it is the morn - ing Of sav - ing life and
 peace; The work of Christ per - fect - ed, In vic - tory o'er all sin; That of old was oft pre - dict - ed; This day has ushered in.
 2. And still increasing glories To us must soon unfold;
 That eclipse the ancient stories, The fabled age of gold.
 The Angels are descending, Once more to reap the world,
 Bearing plumes of peace, unending, And flags of love, unfurled.
 3. Then trim your lamps, ye faithful, Let each and all prepare
 For the advent of the Angel,— We have no time to spare;
 The train is swiftly nearing, The head-lights gleam afar;
 Of a sweet evangel cheering, Death's prisons to unbar.

All Things Perish Save Virtue.

BY EPAMINONDAS.

Sweet Morn—so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose—whose fragrance new I crave,
 To glad my sense and joy mine eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring—so full of shine and showers;
 It makes the weary spirit sigh
 To think, with all thy herbs and flowers,
 That thou must die.

Sweet Music—e'en the lovely song,
 Which from my harp, in window high,
 Is floating on the breeze along,
 E'en thou must die.

And all the bright and glittering train
 Of stars that stud the deep-blue sky,
 Must they all perish—none remain
 To glad the eye?

And vales, and fields, and rushing streams,
 And mountains that invade the sky,
 Are they as baseless as our dreams?
 And must they die?

And all that's beautiful and fair
 On nature's face—love's melody
 That makes sweet music of the air,—
 All—all must die!

And man, frail form of senseless clay,
 Though now his glance is proud and high,
 Perchance upon this passing day
 He, too, may die.

But the bright soul—that shined within
 The quenchless light in mortal form—
 Though dimmed by misery and sin,
 Defies the worm.

When all the stars shall fade away,
 And suns in their own blaze expire,
 And trackless comets cease to stray
 With wand'ring fire,
 The soul shall ever live, nor know
 The lapse of time, but dwell on high,
 And share in endless joy or woe—
 Eternity.

WISDOM.—Wisdom is alchemy, or the art of changing base metal into gold. This is its unfailing characteristic, that it finds good in everything, that it renders all things more precious. When our view is confined to ourselves, nothing is of value, except what ministers in one way or another to our personal gratification; but in proportion as it widens, our sympathies increase, and when we have learned to look on all things as God's work, then they are all endeared to us. Hence nothing can be further from true wisdom than the mask of it, assumed by a cold indifference about what does not belong to our personal interest. But the strongest symptoms of wisdom are in a person being sensible of his own follies and weak points.—*Maria Witham.*

CULTURE.—What plowing, digging and harrowing are to land, thinking, reflecting and examining are to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and, as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns and weeds, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind a number of prejudices and absurd opinions which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every kind of doctrine which the cunning of demagogues, the singularity of pedants and the superstition of fools raise.—*Arthur's Mag.*

A heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.—*Anna Erving.*

A Prayer.

[The following Prayer has something so real in it, that while we publish it, we would fain have all, with us, become better because of it. Possibly, none of us would look upon a faded, deathly face but would be moved to a compassion, even by that of a known enemy. Please read the last verse twice. Ed.]

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would look upon my quiet face
 Before they laid it in its resting-place,
 And deem that death had left it almost fair;
 And laying snow-white flowers against my
 hair,
 Would smooth it down with tearful tender-
 ness,
 And fold my hands with lingering caress—
 Poor hands! so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 My friends would call to mind, with loving
 thought,
 Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
 Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped.
 The memory of my selfishness and pride,
 My hasty words would all be laid aside;
 And so I should be loved and mourned
 to-night.

If I should die to-night,
 E'en hearts estranged would turn once more
 to me,
 Recalling other days remorsefully;
 The eyes that chill me with averted glance
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
 And soften, in the old familiar way—
 For who would war with dull, unconscious
 clay!
 So I might rest, forgiven by all, to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night,
 Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;
 The way is lonely—let me feel them now;
 Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a
 thorn.
 Forgive, O hearts estranged—forgive, I plead!
 When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

The Spade and the Hoe.

A spade within a farmer's shed
 Leaned by the wall his empty head,
 And spying on the ground below
 Spake proudly to an humble hoe:
 "Yours is but surface work, while I
 Deep into hidden treasures pry."
 The hoe raised not his lowly head,
 But meekly to his brother said:
 "The master in his industry
 Hath need alike of you and me."
 The servants resting in the shade
 When to their task the farmer bade,
 Took one the hoe and one the spade—
 And unpreferred, where all were good,
 Each took the tool that near him stood,
 And in a common cause allied
 Toiled in the vineyard side by side,
 So the great master, without need
 Of human pride or human creed,
 Can make a profitable tool
 Out of a wiseman or a fool,
 And each at last to show will bid
 Not what he was, but what he did.

—*American Sunday School Worker.*

Selections.

Principle, like truth, needs no contrivance, it will tell its own tale and tell it in the same way.

It is error only, and not truth that shrinks from inquiry.

None can look forward to a certainty of future happiness, unless they are striving to assimilate themselves to the likeness of Him, who was the embodiment of all that is lovely and of good report.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The American Agriculturist is a very worthy monthly. Its subscription price is \$1.60. We will send THE SHAKER and it together during 1877 for \$1.50!! Now take advantage of our offer, and get both for less than quarter cost. Address the Publisher of THE SHAKER.